Prostituted Life

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It's 9:30 on a Friday night
And I'm just getting off from work
Another project gone on too long
With the due date pressing sharply against my spine

Driving home I brood about my pathetic life
That is what little of it I still own

Again I've prostituted my life for overtime
As if that's any compensation for the plans I had to miss
Left toiling away in the salt mines
Just to get the job done

Have I sold my soul to the company?
Sold out to higher education,
For a better job, a better lifestyle?

While I feel like I'm running on a treadmill
Chasing after a carrot on a stick

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